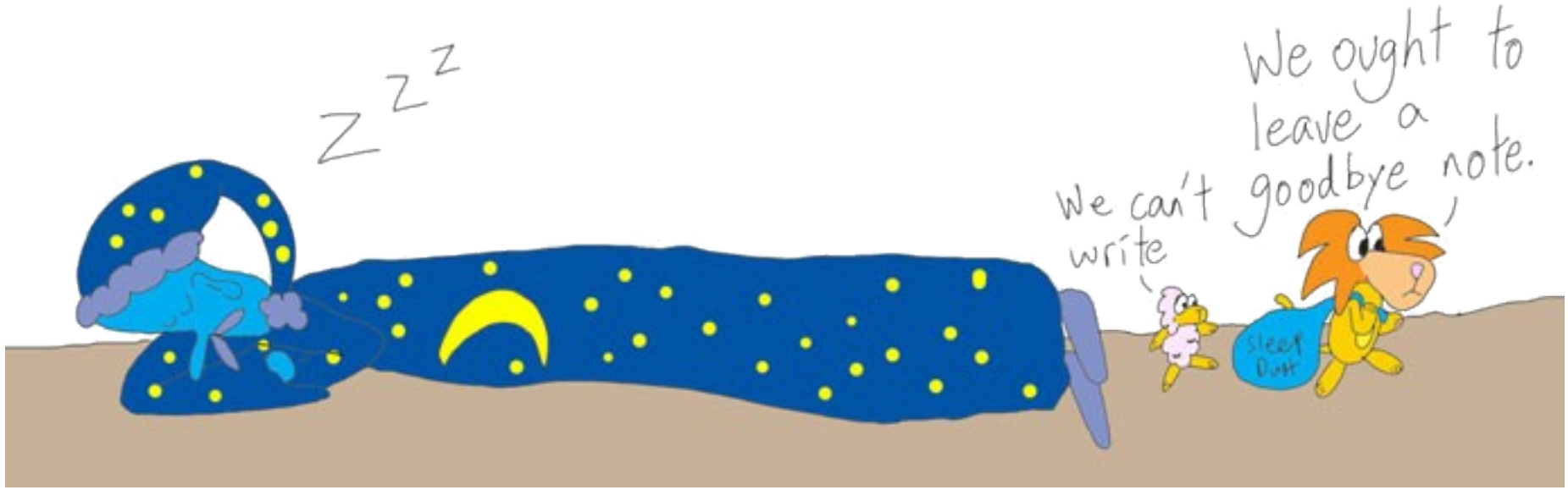
Poetry for the Playful

By Siegfried Yang



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Contents

Preface	4
Germy vs. Earth	5
A Minstrel's Quest	10
The Lion, the Lamb and Old Man Time	21
Televisus	28
A Bit About the Author	35

Preface

Dear Reader,

I would like to acknowledge a few sources of inspiration. Alfred Lord Tennyson's "Ulysses" contributed to the idea of "Televisus". You might also recognize a bit of Keats and Shakespeare in it, though. They are really enjoyable authors, although sometimes a tad difficult to understand. Still, they're entertaining. "Ulysses" has been a favourite poem of mine ever since I read it in secondary school. The other thing that inspired me to write "Televisus" was… television! I loathe television. Too many advertisements and programmes that bore me to tears.

"The Lion, the Lamb and Old Man Time" was partly inspired by Isaiah 11:6-9. It's one of my favourite verses in the whole bible. So harmonious!

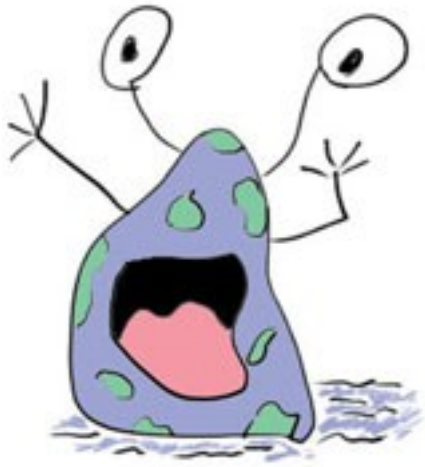
The other two poems came to my mind without any external helpers, at least, as far as I can tell. If they resemble the poems of any other author, it's pure coincidence.

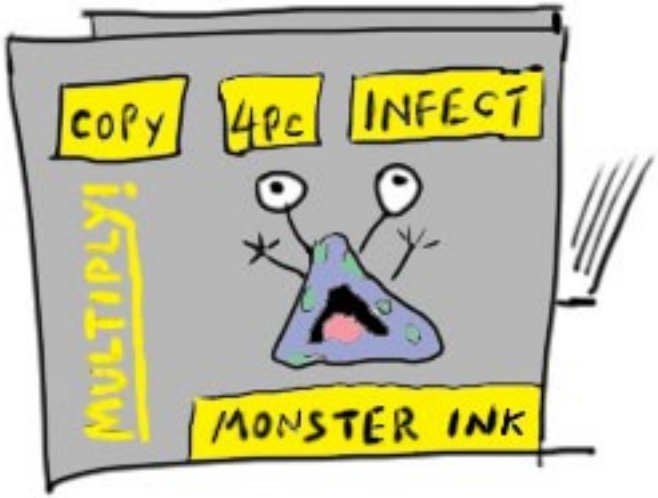
Sincerely,

Siegfried Yang
22 April 2006

Germy vs. Earth

Little Tommy fell ill today.
He shook the hand of Mr Cob.
Mr Cob, he left the room
And left a germ upon the knob.
Sally Waker held the knob
And forgot to wash her hand.
She sat down to her noonday meal
And later felt quite bland.
She passed the germ to Maynard Lee,
Who passed it on to Dick and Beth.
Thence to Pete and Lotte and Vinny,
Dill and Herb- Oh! Do the math.
The little germ that pounced around
From hand to hand and to the lips
And anchored healthy souls aground
Simply grinned through all his trips.
The school by then was not a school
But one gloomy club of sneezers.





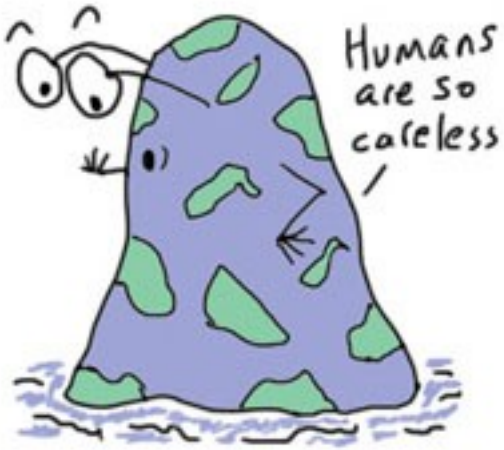
The doctor rushed to beat the clock
But he too ended with the wheezes.

The naughty germ was utmost joyous
To leave his mark on Dr Glen.
Furthermore, his mischief travelled
To mar the nurses of this man.
And soon the hospital was filled
With hacking coughs and sneezing folk
Baby Ruth just out the womb
Got infected by some bloke.
She suckled on her mother's breast
And passed to her that cursed germ
When her father came to kiss
He got it too, quite sure and firm.
He brought it to the office soon
And smeared the photocopier.
Those who pressed button copied
Stuff that made them germier.
Off went these folk unsuspecting

Meeting friends and family.
Bob met Keith and Joe met Jane.
William spoke with Sergeant Gilly.
Sam kissed Jane and Keith hugged Marge.
Gilly bumped into the mayor.
Marge played ball with Oppenheimer.
Mayor met Prime Minister.
So spread the germ now more and more,
Everywhere and everywhere.
Further and further, shore to shore,
Germy sprung his germy snare.
The country soon was sick with coughs
And wheezing sounds and gobs of phlegm.
You couldn't take a step outside
And not feel like you're on the lam.
The farmers lay awake in bed,
Hot water bottles snuggled tight
Their sheep and cows thought to themselves,
"When ya need 'em, they're ne'er in sight."
The baker and the grocer too,

They closed their doors and went to rest.
Teachers, barbers, scientists,
Each one fallen from his best.
Parliament closed down as well
As ministers all went to bed.
Germy even terrorised
The terrorists until they ached.
The entire nation was in peril
From this vile and naughty thing.
But what could do this goblin in
When doctors too have felt its sting?

The last I knew of Germy was
When he whispered in my ear.
As bent Gertrude to kiss me there
Germy gave me cause for fear:
“I've done your land a lot of good
My fine art is quite well done.
Even though you don't quite like it
I've had a lot of fun.



But now you're all as sick as sick
And there's no healthy spot to go.
So I'll board this plane with you and then
We'll make great global woe!”
So guess you now where Germy is.
It really isn't tough.
I'm sorry but I've brought him here
And left the pilot rough.
The germ is wandering in your land
And wreaking out his skill.
So I would advise you to wash
Your hands before each meal.
Don't kiss people who are ill
Or hug a germy person.
For when the germ touches your skin
You'd have a done transmission.
Well, Gertrude and I are pretty ill
So we're staying in a bit.
When Germy finally gets to you
Do come and pay a visit!

A Minstrel's Quest

Once upon a time in a land far, far away
There lived a happy minstrel who loved his every day.
With his trusty wooden lute and his clarion clear voice
He sang of many stories of the very best choice.
He rhymed of elves and pixies, and their goblin cousins too,
He told of knight's adventures to slay the dragons cruel,
Of maidens trapped in towers, and witches vile and mean
And tales with happy endings and full of fairy kin.
Through every town and village, no matter where he went,
This happy storyteller was a most welcome gent.
The poor, the rich, those in between, the mean, the pleasant ones
All were eager for his tales and begged for more reruns.
The little children, especially, enjoyed his song and rhyme
The minstrel's eyes would twinkle so while telling tales sublime.

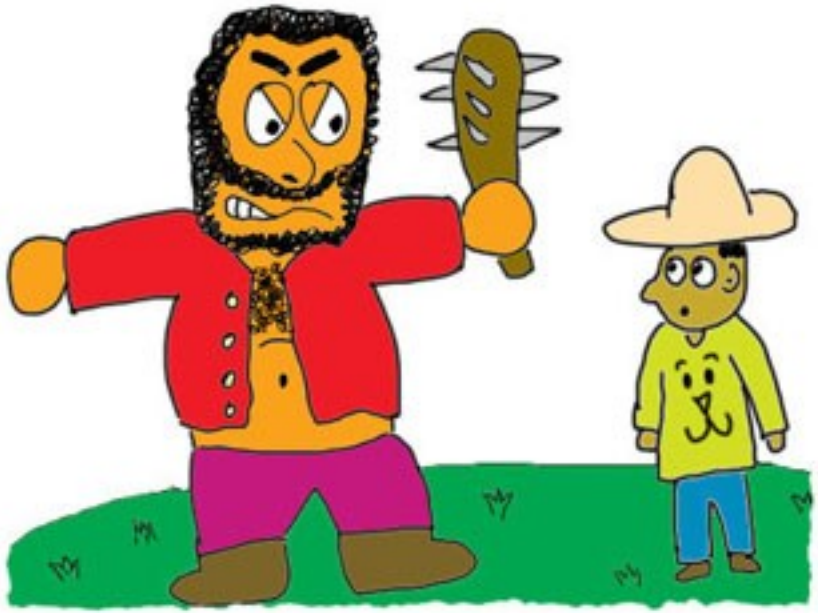
But when the day had slipped away and he lay down to rest,
A niggling thought wrought in his head and hence his mind infest.
He sang of such adventures that excite the hearts of men

And many happy endings like royal weddings grand.
Yet of his own great noble deeds had he been never blest.
Never had he ever stood to Honour's mighty test.

He desired greater doings than singing everyday.
He wanted other minstrels his valour to portray.
O! When will he be famous?
What dragon's there to slay?
When will there be any verse
Of foes he put away?
At every dawn he woke to thoughts of how he won't have fame.
Until at last he made up his mind his life won't stay the same.
“Oh no!” cried he, “I will not have it! My life ought not be dull.
I shall go forth to seek my fortune and challenge villains foul!”

So set he forth into the world to earn his good repute.
Brought he with him a sword, a lunch bag and his trusty lute.
He tiptoed through the forests, and sped through rustic plains
At every town and village, he sought to lighten pains.
But though cats-in-trees and road-crossing hags were in large supply

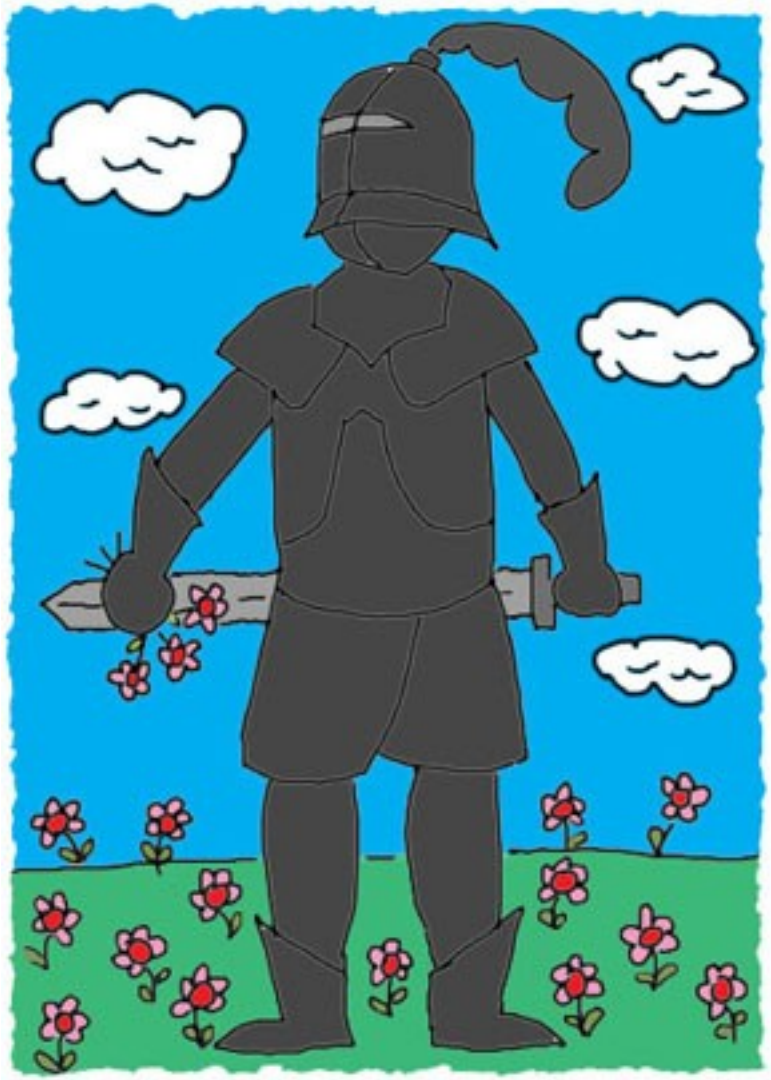
There was no greater task to make his fortunes multiply.
And then one day into a wood so desolate and dank
The minstrel bravely entered in to see a bitter prank.
A burly bandit and a farmer stood at odds ahead.
The bandit eyed the farmer's cart of goods he had waylaid.
The minstrel strode in bravely and brandishing his sword,
He hollered at the bandit, “Be off, you evil sod!”
The bandit stared in great amusement at the scrawny bard
And laughed a laugh sonorous as he hugged his belly hard.
“Oh, little man, how do you dare to challenge me at all?
Are you not frightened of my might or my thunderous roar?”
The minstrel puffed up his chest and glared him in the eyes,
“I wouldn't fear you any more were you larger than your size!”
Whereupon the reprobate grabbed the minstrel by his neck.
He shook him hard and slapped his cheeks and then he hurled him back.
The minstrel knocked his head quite dizzy on an old oak tree.
He dropped his sword and tottered forth, collapsing heavily.
The bandit grabbed the minstrel's bag of food and strolled off happy.
But being quite the courteous sort he said, “I thank you mightily!”
“Well, that's quite done,” the farmer said. “I ought to thank you too.



I'd best be off, the missus waits, and my lunch is getting cool."
Then went he home to wife and meal this rustic farmer did.
And so concludes the first adventure of helping one in need.

The minstrel got back on his feet and staggered quite a yard.
He felt so embarrassed that his cheeks burned red as blood.
But onward ho! cried he, insisting in his valiant heart.
He never would his quest to cease due to a lousy start.
So off he trod through plain and glen in search of dangerous quests.
And lucky he! He soon found himself one of the Black Knight's guests.

He came upon a beautous land coloured with flowers fragrant.
When he bent to pluck a stalk a voice bellowed vehement.
"Who or what with awful heart dares steal a part of my garden's art?
You mangy dog from some queer bog! Back off! Back off! You naughty hog!"
The minstrel stood to his surprise.
It was the Black Knight in his guise!
Dark as coal, strong as oxen, the Black Knight was a warrior fearsome.
Through every town and hamlet, the Black Knight's name was loathsome.
For his exacting aim was swift, precise and sharp and deadly



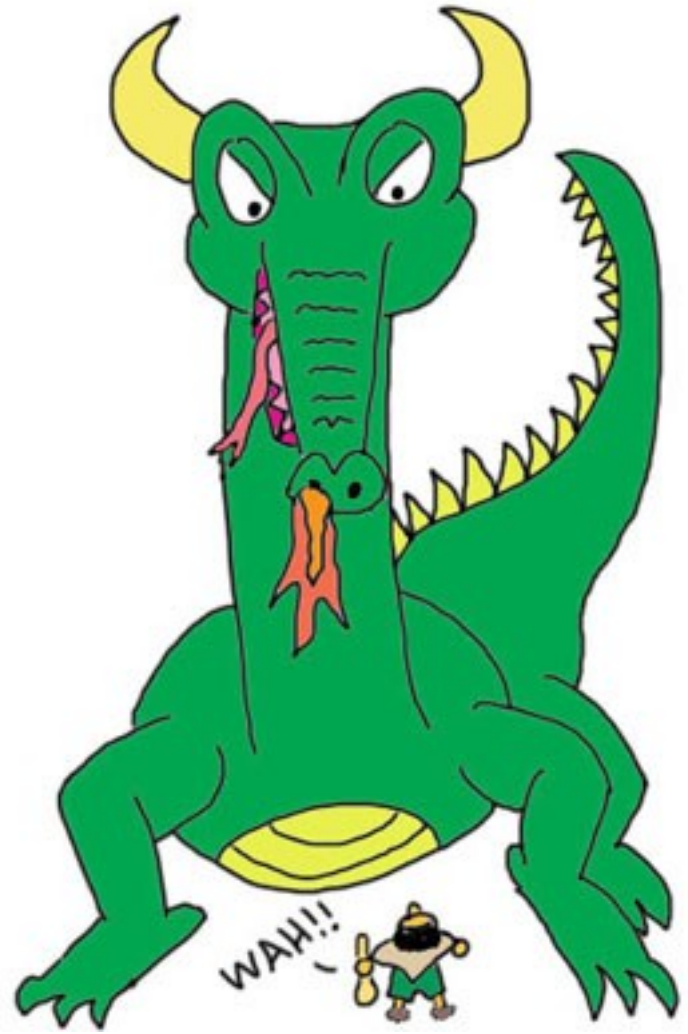
No brave soul had ever challenged him successfully.
Brave knights despite their chivalry at every court contend
That this black-hearted villain was a fully cruel man.
Now the trembling minstrel faced this fright-inspiring knight
He did not for a moment think he had a slip of hope in sight.
He stood on trembling legs, held his sword with trembling hand
And prayed as hard as he had ever that this would not be his end...
The Black Knight dashed in narrow flight towards him with attendant doom.
His black horse thundered earthquake-loud, his sharp black sword did cruel loom.
The minstrel's mind was blank with fright; stood he hapless as a kid.
But when the culling sword swung close, he winged with sudden speed
Away from the shining blade of that most monstrous knight
Whose shadow cast a darkling black on every other shade in sight.
Then the Black Knight swiveled 'round and zoomed back to the wretched cur,
Who found to his brief relief that horses which too quickly spur
And bump a man full with their chests trip and tumble fast and fall,
Dislodging hard their riding guests; the minstrel was safe after all!
Though scratched was he and quite a mess, was this travail unended.
For the Black Knight merely fell, and now stood he where he landed.
He stretched himself and swung his sword, and began to growl

Then toward the frightened bard the knight was swift to plow.
The minstrel drew his defence but could not stand the wanton charge.
With clash and clang of not an hour, the knight avenged his grudge.
The minstrel's sword was chopped in half and dropped into the flowers.
The Black Knight's sword touched his neck and whispered deadly powers.
“Will you now promise and vow, oh, please, to never touch my flowers, these?
I like them much, so much, very, yes. Will not share them, one or less!”
The minstrel promised not to touch the Knight's pleasant-petalled friends,
Thus did he run scot-free this day, scared witless but to journey thence.
Now on he trudged, sad and discouraged, his hero's spirit flat
He wandered high, he wandered low, he wondered where his luck was at.

Then...

While upon a mountain's climb he came upon a dark, dry cave.
From within he heard the sound of music dancing off a stave.
A voice so lovely, so enchanting, he fully stood entranced.
His spirits flew and also drowned in this melody so nuanced.
A voice of bells and summer dells
A voice of fair sea-sounding shells

A voice of lips and nightingales
A voice of high angelic scales
Yet when his soul was set for flight, a mighty roar sank him back down.
Rainstorm, earthquake or an army? What could claim that raging sound?
A reptilian paw revealed itself in one great thud from out the dark
Scaly, green and oversized, it caused alarm in him to spark.
Out of the shadows of the hole stepped the creature huge and fierce.
A dragon of the largest breed! Fire-breathed, sharp-toothed and worse.
With the most ferocious breath in terms of heat and pungent smell,
It terrorised men's noses, and kept them away quite well.
From the dark from which it came stepped forth a girl as yet unnamed.
A little child no more than ten, living still and yet unmaimed.
No higher than the dragon's paw, with curls of gold and eyes of blue,
It was her voice that he had heard singing plaintive, clear and cool.
She stood beside the dragon tall, unafraid and looking peeved.
Hands upon her hips she spoke to show that she was miffed.
“You're not a knight, you don't look it. Why are you here at all?
If you fight, you won't last long. Oh, you will surely fall.
But let you succeed at this task and you'll be well-rewarded.
Let you fail to slay this beast and you'll be ripped and murdered.”



The minstrel thought with furrowed brow at this odd fortuitous risk.
He could not win, or so it seemed, against this vicious beast.
The dragon tapped his paw aloud to show his own impatience.
The minstrel puffed up his chest and showed his final preference.
“I'll fight with you, you horrid thing, I'll visit you with terror!
If I should fall, let it be known I fell with knightly valour.”
Whereupon drew him his lute and plucked he its tender string
Even as the dragon thought to have him quickly roasting.
It took a breath so wide and long it made the wind to blow
It opened up its mighty jaws for fire soon to show
And to consume this weakling bard who held but one small lute,
A hardly worthy weapon for duelling a fiery brute.
A red tongue of flame flung itself out of the dragon's gape,
But as quick as it had come, the fire lost its shape.
For from the minstrel's lute and voice came an alluring medley
Of music, song and lyric words that caught the dragon's fancy.
More than one mere dragon's heart did the minstrel's song entice.
The princess too had lost her thoughts in his audal artifice.
He sang of merry-making among the elves and fairy folk
Of how they met Shakespeare when one midsummer evening broke.

He told of olden Camelot with all its strange intrigue
And of an Indian prince who found peace 'neath a holy fig.
He revealed the tale of Moses and his people's grand escape.
He contrasted Russian castles and the frostbitten landscape.
Of these stories and more besides the minstrel shaped his song.
His audience listened mesmerized as the afternoon wore on.
Day grew into darkness, the sky wore its twinkling lights.
Took the bard this chance to sing of the Arabian Nights.
They paused with marvel in their eyes as he closed his confection.
They stared in awe and wonder at this minstrel's skilled rendition.
But the dragon then regained his thoughts of his ambition
To fry this little singing man in burning confrontation.
The dragon opened up its mouth and spouted flames of red.
It singed away with naughty glee hair from the minstrel's head.
The minstrel shouted, “Goodness! Ow!” and fell down on his rump.
He grabbed his head with both his hands and felt a frizzy frump.
The dragon took in a giant breath and was about to fire
When the girl smacked its paw and made it attend to her.
“Brutish oaf, forgo this meal, I forbid this careless killing.
You're much too plump now anyway, eat less and do more jogging.

This man deserves my pardon for he is of obvious talent.
I like his storytelling style despite his lowly placement.
Touch him once more with fire or paw and I'll cut off your head.
For are there not many more brave knights who'll gut you to get paid?
I'm tired of your cramped lil' cave, I'm going home, goodbye.
You've been a pleasant dragon, but really, I must fly."
The dragon looked away, chastised, and bowed a sorry head.
He only wanted to be friends, not to cause any dread.
She turned then to the minstrel with royal pride bright in her eyes.
"As for you, dear singing sir, you're not much of a prize.
You can't fight well or rescue damsels like me from dragon crooks.
You'd do much better back in the towns to sing in friendlier nooks."
The minstrel turned his head away and sighed a sigh of sadness.
He never would be famous now and know of knightly gladness.
He started on a slow, long trudge back to the village square
To see what he could do now since he for questing had no flair.
"Wait!" cried the little princess, who missed the minstrel's voice.
He turned around with a friendly look, wondering at her noise.
The little child looked up at him and asked an earnest question,
A question which reminded him of his old profession.

“Would you tell me a story, sir, a good one and in rhyme?”

So with a gentle smile he started, “Once upon a time...”

The Lion, the Lamb and Old Man Time

Part I

In a magical garden where gentle things lay,
A Lamb and a Lion were together at play.
They frolicked and romped and they ran in the grass.
They made funny echoes in the mountain pass.
There never were clouds that flung down rain.
There never were things that offered them pain.
The butterflies kissed them with nectared lips,
The ants shared with them crisp apple chips.
Not a thorn did prick them, nor a bee sting them.
Only Time played mischief, always tiring them.
He pulled day from the sea, he pushed night from the sky.
When they woke, when they slept, he was always close by.
“Brother Lion,” said Lamb, “I don't want to go to bed.
It's the same thing every night, we get drowsy in the head.
There's so much to do, so much fun on sea and shore.
Can't we stay up slightly more, an hour or two, or four?”

Said Lion to Lamb, with a sadness in his heart,
“There's nothing we can do, Time keeps the sunlight shut.
We can only stay awake when the sun is up and lively,
But now the moon is up... My eyelids grow too heavy...”
So they slept again that night, as the moon smiled down,
As Time passed dreamy sleep to creatures all around.

Part II

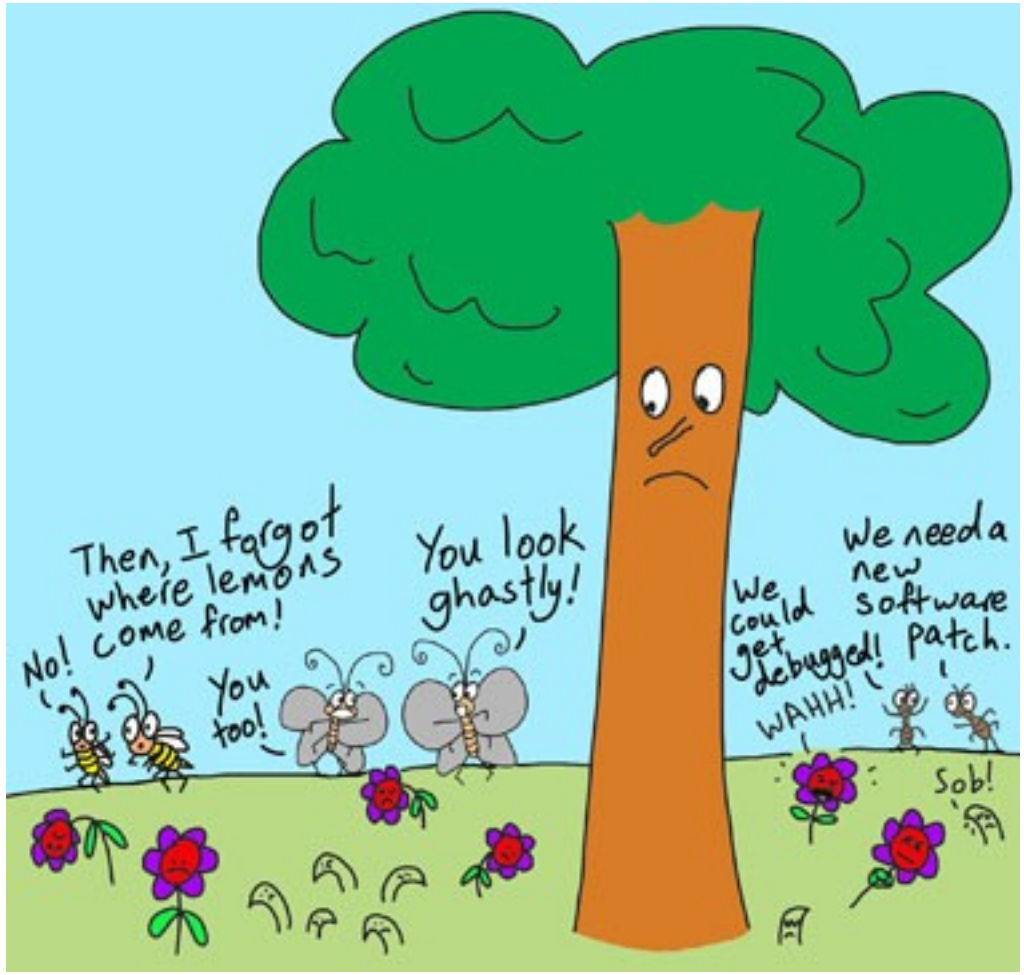
The sun glowed soon, and the night was gone.
The animals woke as the morning ray shone.
Lamb and Lion washed sleep from their eyes
As birds sang good morning to deep blue skies.
“Brother Lion,” said Lamb, “I've a notion in my head.
It'd stop Time's meddling, and cause his powers to fade.
We must travel east of here, to the world's highest end
Where no bird flies and the frostbite pains the land.
Then shall we behold the gray house of Time,
High on the mountain in that arid, cold clime.
We must take his sleep-dust with which he closes eyes

From then on shall he never cause the moon to rise.”
Little Lamb beamed, and gleamed with much excitement,
While Lion saw the genius in Lamb's woolly raiment.
“It's a wondrous plan,” replied Lion to his friend.
“Let us set forth at once, our playtime to defend!”
So, over meadow, over mountain, over plain, and over desert
Trekked this brave pair of creatures, enduring every hazard.
They went through the cold, the hot, the stony and the windy,
They bore courageously this tiring journey.
Spied they birds with wings of steel, and horses' legged with wheels,
Square mountains tall with light, and a thousand stranger thrills.
Still they passed unwavering through every curious sight
And finally came to where they would steal the night.
The house stood on the top of a wintry white mountain,
Frozen, frigid, towering, 'twas forbidding without question.
Up the mountain they climbed, our intrepid pair,
Up and up to the sky and its sky-bound lair.
Then entering upon the frosty old house,
They saw Time watching them like a cat at a mouse.
He was huge as a hill, and as strong as an ox.

He could pick up the sun to put in a box.
“Why have you come, from so far away?”
His voice boomed loudly and kept them at bay.
But soon they grew brave and took a step forward.
They saw the sleep-bag hang atop Time's cupboard.
Lion roared at giant Time, in an effort to distract him,
“I've come to eat you up, for most yummy do you seem!”
Lion roared again and sprang, and nipped Time in the knee,
But Time remained unhurt for he was strong and hardy.
He swatted Lion like a fly but Lion kept on springing back
To keep the old man busy while Lamb took down the sack.
To Time it was a little bag, but to Lamb it was not so.
It was large and heavy, full of sleep, and taking it was slow.
Lamb put it down upon the ground and opened up the sack
He fisted up some sweet sleep-dust and flung it in attack.
Sleep settled in Time's ancient eyes and put him fast to sleep.
Fell he snoring on his back and dreamt of jumping sheep.
The happy pair then quickly scrambled down the freezing mountain.
Homeward sped they with the bag at the ending of their errand.

Part III

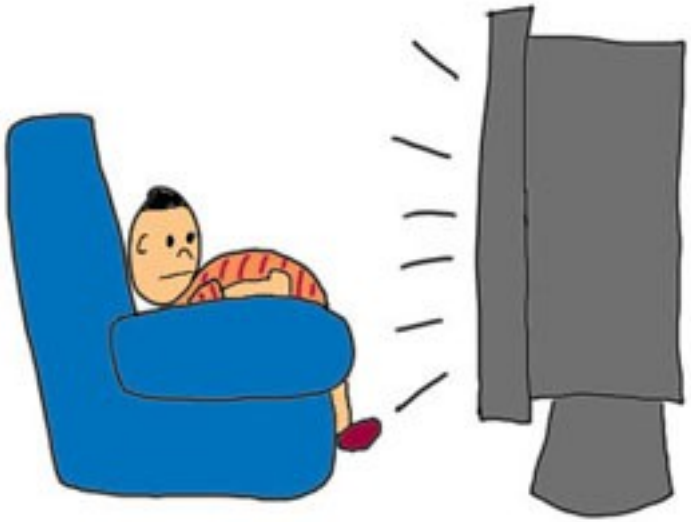
The Lion and the Lamb, they played and played and played.
They clambered hills, danced with squirrels and grew a flowerbed.
The sun shone bright and shiny as a jewel up above,
Showering down each moment its warm and brilliant love.
For three warm days and three bright nights, the sky did not darken.
The mellow moon did never come to see the glowing garden.
No one rested, all played away; the daytime never ended.
For hours and hours there was great fun and happiness abounded.
Yet something was amiss, they felt, the trees seemed quite lonely.
The grass bent their pointy heads and seemed to turn quite weary.
Three days passed and three nights passed, then the troubles started.
Trees grayed and drooped their leaves, and flowers simply wilted.
Butterflies lost their vibrant hues and turned a dull brown shade.
The bees forgot their recipe for honeyed lemonade.
The once-green heads of grasses grew brown as the dark earth.
The creatures that once sang and danced saw the garden lose its mirth.
As Lion and Lamb saw their green home brown.
They pondered the process, each wearing frown.



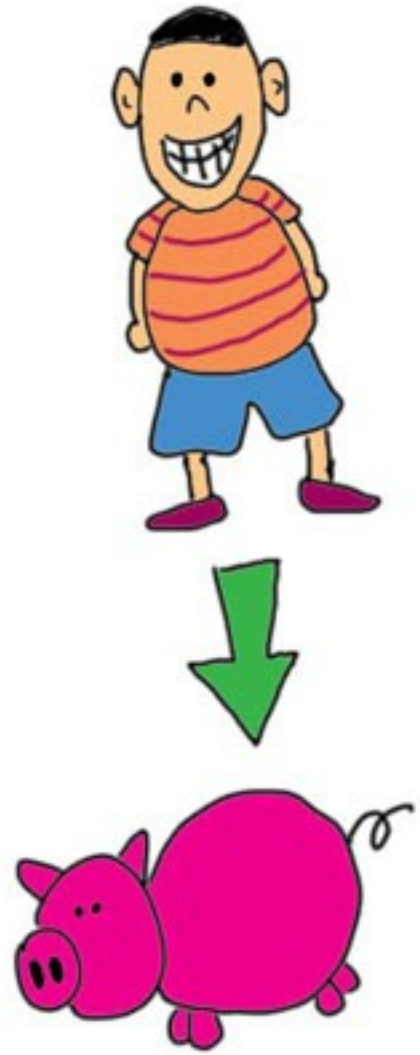
Could it be that Time had been keeping things alive?
Could it be that sleep was that which coloured all that thrive?
Oh, what have we done, each creature thought, if this were indeed the cause
Oh, everything would disappear! they thought with great remorse.
But no, they cried! We must put it right, they each decided quickly.
Go back to Time with the bag of sleep and tell him we are sorry.
So off they went bravely through rain and cold and sorrow,
Through scorching sands and mountain bends to bring back Tomorrow.
They found giant Time awake and wroth, and very, very cross.
At them he frowned and he decried how naughty each one was.
“Do you not know,” cried old man Time. “That sleep is most important?
It gives us dreams, so many dreams, the point of my department.
For dreams are what keep all alive, bringing colour to every cheek.
Dreams keep the earth a-spin and turn to life all that is bleak.
Without our dreams there can never be much joy on this round earth
It thrives on dreams and dreams and dreams for bliss upon its hearth.
The trees, the grass, the flowers, the birds and the bees
Wouldn't last a single month were dreams to be a-miss.
You naughty things! You nearly caused a terrible conclusion
To earth's and your garden's lives with such a silly action.

But you are not too late, small ones, in bringing back the bag.
Watch me now as through the land I bring joy and passion back!”
The giant flew out of the house with sleep-bag in his hand.
They saw him scatter sleep-dust from the sky across the land.
Soon floated Time away from sight and everything grew silent.
Time had gone to do his work and flown away and distant.
Lion and Lamb, they deftly climbed down the snowy mountain.
Returning to the garden, they found home no longer barren.
The trees and grass were green again, the flowers raised their heads,
Butterflies coloured the air in many hues and shades.
How happy did the garden grow, none could measure, none could know,
But there was much mirth and life again and countless joys untold.
Lion and Lamb, they played again in rosy cheer and bliss.
Never again did they desire to take sleep from their midst.
In that wondrous garden which Time cared with his hand,
Forever happily ever after lived the Lion and the Lamb.

Televisus

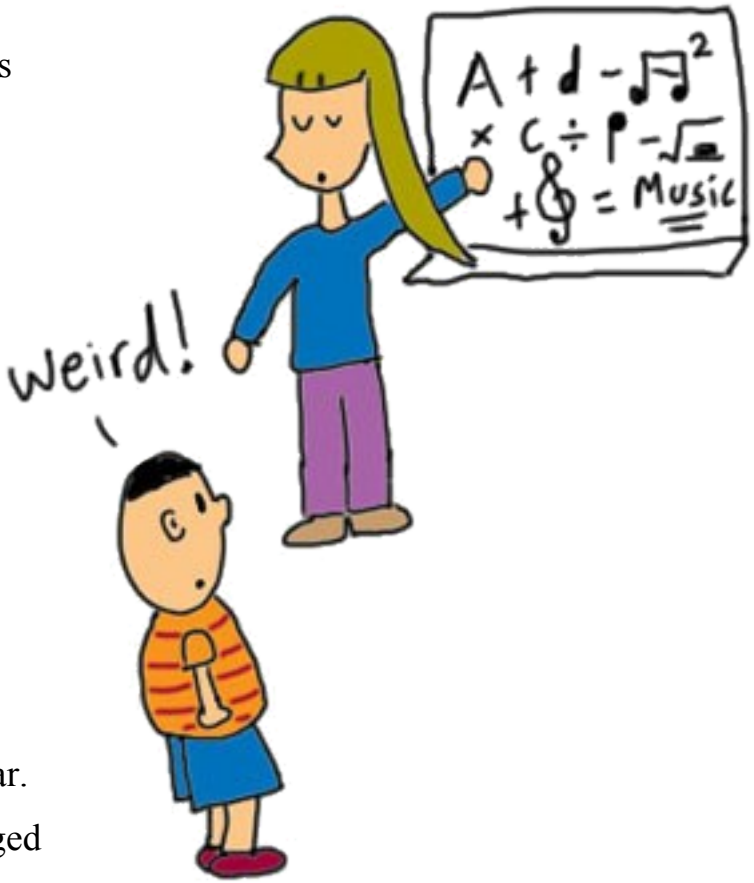


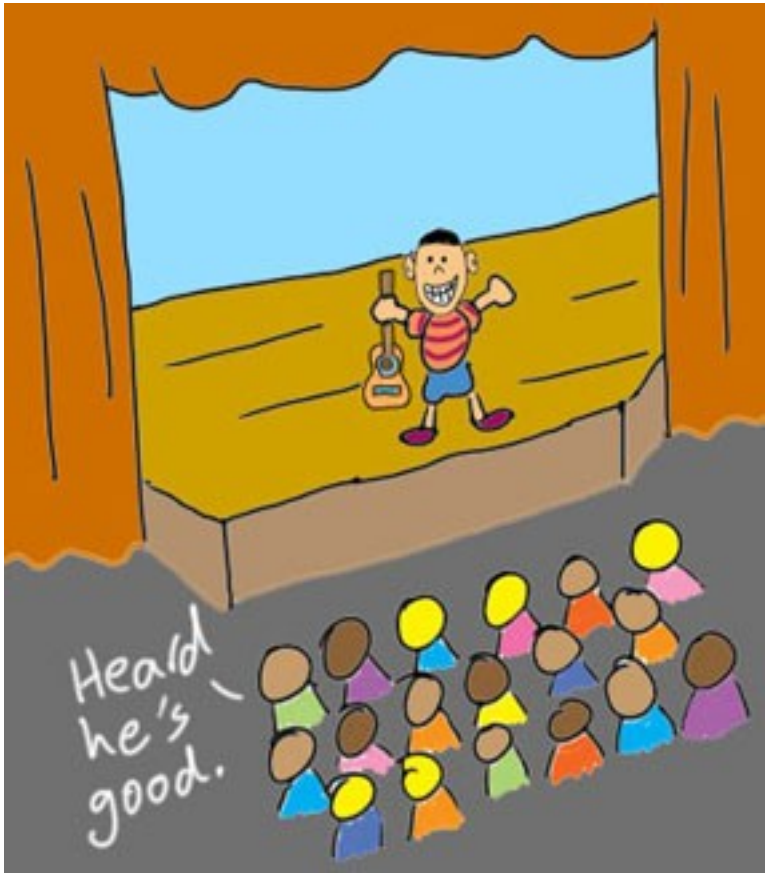
It little profits that an idle child
On these fat cushions, among barren toys
Matched with a bowl of chips he sits ogling
A crude rectangleful of noise and light
Tiring him, but signifying nothing.
He sets watching, feeding and little else
For days with neither book nor exercise
To add nourishment to his flesh and mind.
Thus he swells, plumping like a pig as well
As weaken as his muscles shrivel up
Not too unlike a toxic heap of sludge
That looks disgusting and stinks badly too
Does he become with this indolent task.
But for a moment think what he could be
If he averts his eyes. Now let us see-



Stepping from the box entrapping his mind
He notes the upbeat string of a guitar

Laving 'gainst his ear fine notes of beauty
Intrigued, the tune he follows like a lure
Across the room and up the skyward stairs
To find his sister sweetly practising
Upon the instrument soul-lifting sounds
He stills and listens. It enchants him so
That no rival sound perturbs. When it ends
He questions 'bout the curious magic toy
And so begins to learn its rich delight.
That evensong itself starts he to try
To understand the symbols on the stave.
Like a solid wall of code it frustrates
This young decipherer but strives he on.
Day by day, he studies, chipping away
At this block of symbols mystifying.
As moons go by, he slowly starts to taste
The eventual fruit of this stiff labour,
And strum decent tunes that content his ear.
He comes in time to pore o'er notes arranged
In complex patterns he designs himself

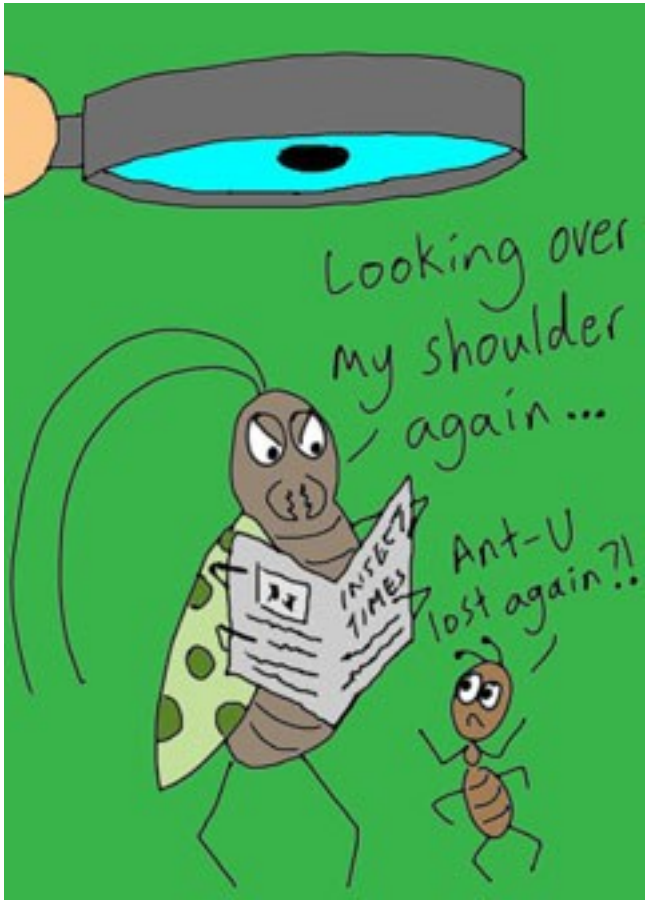


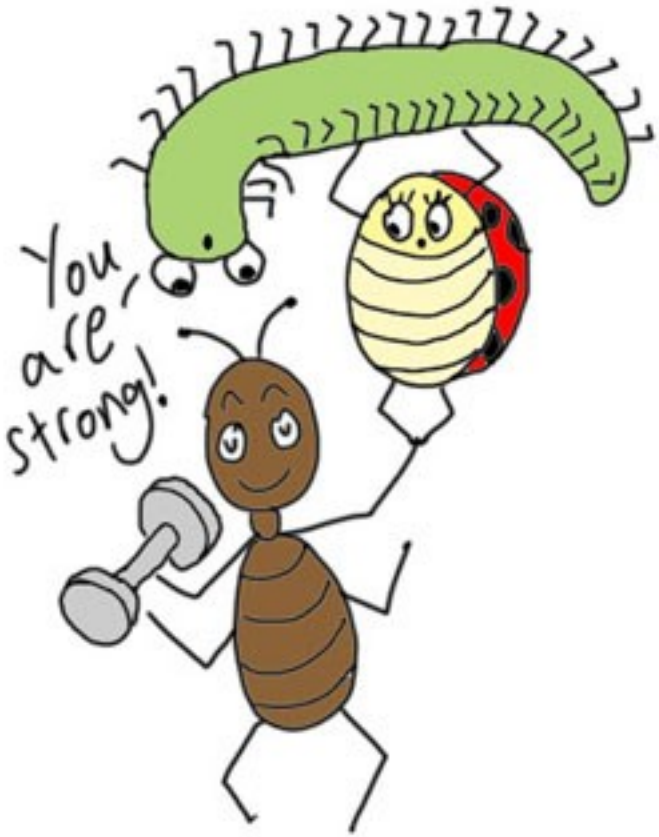


Each note he prints segues to a harmony.
Each line he pens a soothing melody.
His skill blossoms. An audience grows around
His burnished artistry. They clamour for him
And desire to feel his compositions
Slip sensuous into their hearing senses.
The crowd enlarges, his fanbase expands,
The world echoes him in many voices.
Daily, radios repeat his repertoire.
His euphonies accompany movies.
All the world is his stage, and he performs,
Lightening with music his listeners'
Burdens, soaring their souls with seraph songs.
Thus the world adores him, even unto
Modest reverence. No thanks to TV.

Back home he sits in his garden resting
On bare green grass, bold flowers overhead,
Whose faces tilt to catch the summer sun.
Sweet berries ripe with flavour dot the green.

A stretch of arms brings quickly to his tongue
Red fruits welling each with silken liquid.
Summer's spirits slide warmly down his throat.
Thus refreshed, he watches bees wing by
To conspire with butterflies and breezes
How once again they would marry flowers
And weigh with fruit each impregnated plant.
Close to the ground curiosity compels
Him to examine the labouring ants
Heaving seedlings into their holes to hoard
Under the soil, to last the frozen months.
Whereupon, by sheer weight of chance, he spies
A strangeling thing, as tiny as the ants
But with ten legs and four small eyes on stalks
About a spot it scurries hurriedly
Foraging too, to fill its home with food.
He watches with captivated mind, till
The long day wanes, and swallows flee the skies.
He logs on and googles the insect world.
Cramfuls of text fills his hours, stringing him





Into a microworld where monsters loom
Menacing from photographs, compound eyes
Disturbingly alien stare, and great hooks
Hefty as anchors are beetles' tiny
Feet. A rose dawn breaks. His search proves nothing,
Though he has learnt bees' hives have geometry
That strengthens them impossibly greatly,
Ants can bear, despite their tiny frames, great bulks
Fifty times their mass, and dragonflies snatch
Flies from the air and eat them winging still.
To put a name to that bizarre critter
He casts a net of queries enmeshing,
Slowly, entomologists bewildered.
These scientists soon come with cameras to
Shoot the insect and notepads to record
The insect's life for Academia's sake.
They name it after their discoverer
Who shall thus live on pass History's wake.

-As though daydreams were life. Little profits

An idle child to envy such heroic
Lives that belong not to him, and to pay
Adoration each season to man-made
Household gods. A rust crusts on him if he
Stays to look into the box where shadows
of the world appear to claim TV spots.
Yet would he know the brilliance of his mind
And heart if he could break out of this jail
To reach into the free-breathing sunlit air
To learn, to make to share and thence to shine.

~the end~

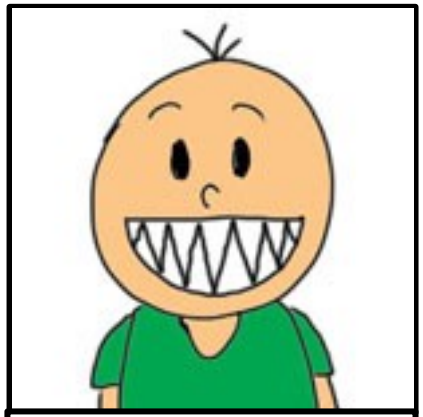
A Bit About the Author

Siegfried Yang is the pseudonym of a very private person who lives on the mysterious and greenish island of Singapore. He sleeps in the day and stalks the land at night. Locals say that he eats stray cats and dogs and sometimes even chews on sewage pipes. This is nonsense. Siegfried is a peace-loving vegetarian and he does not fancy pipes all that much. Vegetables fear him. Especially cabbages. Siegfried has been known to finish off ten bowls of cabbage soup in half a night. “Cabbage,” says Siegfried, “is a most tasty thing.”

Sometimes, Siegfried looks into the dreams of sleeping children or listens to the whispering songs of the trees to the stars and is inspired to write something. So he does. This short book of four poems is a result of Siegfried’s writing. If you enjoyed his writing and would like to read more of it, you can go to http://birdofprayer.blogspot.com/. If you want to tell him how lovely (or how horrible) his poems are, you can mail him at ratherbarmy@yahoo.com. You can also paypal Siegfried some money at that e-mail address. Siegfried appreciates money gifts quite a lot as he is a poor soul who sometimes has only one miserable cabbage leaf for breakfast. That is not very nutritious.

Thank you for reading Siegfried’s poetry. Share it with all your friends!

Have a fantastic day!



Portrait of the Author as a… thing of some sort.